

# It Seems to Me

By

Joe Williams

Pinch Hitting for Heywood Brown

WASHINGTON, April 9.—Your correspondent seems to be the forgotten man in this current hearing before the senate finance committee. Nobody seems to know he is around, and so he merely reports each morning, picks himself out a comfortable chair and sits. He is by nature a very competent sifter.

He thought after yesterday's hearing that he might try to find out why, in the name of the Great Red Herring, he was called to the capital, so he approached Senator Huey Long of Louisiana, and remarked:

"I can not make head or tail of this thing, and inasmuch as I came here without even a change of handkerchiefs, I should like to be released tonight, or at least be taken to Newark for the rest of the season."

The senator took a look at my left eye. As I have reported previously, I am coddling a black eye. Almost instantly the senator developed a brotherly affection. "You and I should know each other better," he urged.

"Where did you get it?"

The implication was not altogether flattering. My thoughts went back to that Long Island episode in which the senator was mysteriously socked. I could not help feeling that I was being looked upon as a setup, or, as we say in the senate, a pushover.

## Signs of a Challenge Appear

THERE are many sacrificial things I would attempt for my country, but I am in no mood at present to enact the role of guinea pig for a non-winner senatorial fist-fighter. I mean it doesn't seem to me that there would be any great honor in being the first man in America to lose a decision to the senator from Louisiana.

"How about letting me get out of this joint and scam back to New York?" I cajoled in my best Addisonian English.

The senator thought it would be all right if I departed, since he professed to feel pretty happy about the progress of his case—up to the moment, anyway.

"But just to make it official," he cautioned, "you go to the chairman of the committee and yet yourself excused."

The chairman is Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, who is known as the greatest baseball fan in Washington, a fact which may or may not add to his importance as a deep-thinking, farsighted statesman.

I do not know who is being joshed by whom, but some minutes later the telephone rang and Senator Harrison's secretary advised me that it would be necessary for me to continue my temporary residence here because the senator from Louisiana did not want me to leave.

I have a troubled suspicion as to what that means. I am going to be challenged. Very likely there is in the making a contest between One-Punch Long and Battling Williams. My black eye has aroused a certain and, if I may suggest, an undue confidence in the senator's bosom. I am apparently the one guy he can lick.

## And Rest of Nation Waits

I TRUST I am not being disrespectful to the senator or the business at hand, but I know of no other reason why I should be here. This hearing, to repeat, involves the nomination of a little gray-haired gentleman by the name of Moore as collector of internal revenue in Louisiana.

Just why in any sense my presence or background should have any bearing on this situation I do not know. But here I sit, hour after hour, in the committee room, wondering. Among other things I am wondering why the appointment of this little gray-haired gentleman is a matter of national concern.

For four or five hours each day the machinery of the government as represented by the senate is stopped to consider whether a gentleman should or should not be allowed to function in a comparatively minor office. During these hours the national government, theoretically, if not actually, is at an absolute standstill.

You sit here in the committee room and wonder how in the name of old Cy Young can this hearing have any possible bearing on the 10,000,000 men who are out of work, on the imaginative Dr. Wirt, on the army-navy program, on the far-flung NRA setup or on the new lively ball. Then you recall that you are in Washington and that helps to explain.

## An Obliging Track Official

I DO not mean to suggest that the proceedings are wholly lacking in emotional interest. When Mr. Long gets to his feet and invites a barrister to meet him outside in fistic combat that in itself is sufficient to yank you out of your lethargy. Instinctively you look around for a lookmaker. No man wishes to pass up a sure-thing bet.

At another stage Mr. Long, examining Colonel E. R. Bradley, the Palm Beach gambler, makes the gentle insinuation that in a case where a gentleman owns, operates and staffs his own race track it might be possible to predetermine the results of the races. It is here that you learn something.

The colonel, priestly looking, with thin graying hair and wearing a high starched white collar, looks at the senator and replies solemnly:

"Racing is the squarest business in the world."

Another gentleman takes the stand to relate how on a visit to New Orleans he was taken aside by a track official who marked his program, giving him the winners of the last three races, the implication being that the track official knew in advance what was going to happen.

A square-faced senator, hunched up against a red-and-gold upholstered chair, pleaded with the witness to repeat his testimony.

"You mean to say this man said: 'Bet on these horses' and these horses won?" the senator asked.

"That's what happened."

Your correspondent still is trying to learn the name of that track official and his present whereabouts.

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## Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

MOTHERS have been so driven to nourish their children adequately that they are constantly between the fires of underweight and overweight. Another reason for this is the fact that the specialists are still arguing as to just what is the right weight for children of various heights and ages.

The ordinary height and weight tables of a previous decade are beginning to be subjected to some disagreement. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that any child who weighs 20 per cent more than the weight listed in these tables is fat.

It is recognized that some children are fat because their parents are fat, and it is the tendency of a child to repeat the body build of its parents. However, some authorities say that fat children of fat parents are fat because they imitate their fathers and mothers in their eating habits.

The authorities on the constitution of the human body insist that there is a family tendency to overweight in 88 per cent of cases.

One thing that doctors have observed is the fact that it is much easier to avoid gaining excessive weight than it is to take the weight off once it has been put on.

Mother is so anxious to see their children grow that they are likely to drive them into the development of a large appetite. Children may get the habit of eating more than they require.

Moreover, a great deal of our modern advertising is a constant encouragement to eat more of more things. It has been found that a fat child is really not as healthy as one of normal weight, and fat children do not do as well if they develop the infectious diseases, diabetes or pneumonia.

The fat child is constantly being teased by his friends and is likely to develop a peculiar mental attitude.

# WHEN POLITICS WAS IN FLOWER

## The Tables Turned on Canny 'Big Jack'—The Time: 1900

BY TRISTRAM COFFIN

Times Staff Writer

AN excited crowd was clamoring in the smoke-filled hall of the old Cyclorama building on Market street. Politicians rushed back and forth lining up votes. There were undertone conversations in the corners, shoutings and boos on the floor.

The old Sixth ward was meeting in the 1900 convention to send delegates to the state convention. The Republican nomination of Winfield T. Durbin for Governor was at stake.

At that distant date, candidates were elected by delegates who were chosen in ward meetings. The bitterest struggles were often fought tooth and nail in the wards. It was a form of democracy that made every citizen a potential politician. Campaign pledges and issues did not cloud the field. Every election was a mental struggle between personalities with ward leaders playing the game with a chess-like strategy.

In this Sixth ward meeting, dusky-skinned Negro ward heelers mingled with aristocratic whites. Drawing tones and clear-clipped accents rose into one swelling clamor. It was two days before the state convention.

Two sides were pitting their wits against each other. The anti-Durbin crowd was led by such prominent figures as Harry New, who later became postmaster-general, Ross Hawkins, Sam Fletcher and Fred Matson.

Against these men was Big Jack (William H. Jackson), Negro political leader. Big Jack is a brawny and imposing figure. He still figures prominently in Republican politics here. There was considerable feeling against the candidacy of Durbin, led by a Major Megraw who had served under Durbin in the Spanish-American war. Big Jack was determined to swing the Sixth ward for Durbin.

THE preliminary business over, there was confusion over how the votes were to be cast. Each side warily suspected the other of knavery. Finally, some one arose.

"Mistuh chairman," the voice shouted, "Mistuh chairman, I move we vote as we pass out the door." The resolution was adopted. The Cyclorama building was a large round building with one door.

The voters passed slowly through the door as politicians made a last-minute haggling for votes. Big Jack's men gathered close around him as the votes were cast. There was an atmosphere of expectancy hanging in the hall apart from the usual casual bantering.

When the votes were cast there arose a cry from Big Jack. "The boxes are stuffed!" His henchmen took up the cry and it echoed around the crowded hall. "They've been stuffing the boxes against Durbin."

It was part of a well-laid plan. His huge hand waving, Big Jack beckoned his followers

around him. From the surging, milling group, the Negroes moved toward Big Jack. At one end of the floor they formed a formidable flying wedge, a tougher, more determined gang than ever was seen on a football field.

They charged down the hall, gathering a reckless momentum. The alarm broke. "Here they come," shouted husky voices, hoarse from campaigning. Down toward the hall flew the wedge. The Negroes grabbed the ballot box, shoving aside any who dared to interfere.

Whooping and yelling in jubilant outcry, the Big Jack mob swarmed into a saloon across the street. They hurled gibes back at the forlorn bunch in the hall. The anti-Durbin crowd merely smiled, acting as though they were good sports. They knew when they were licked.

BETWEEN beers, Big Jack's men hammered at the ballot box. They tugged at it, they kicked it and they cursed it. But the box wouldn't yield. They seized a hammer and pounded, but the ballot box was resolute.

Back in Cyclorama hall, laughter and the clatter of voices revealed the secret. The anti-Durbin crowd, anticipating just such a violent move on the part of the opponents, put a trick card in its own sleeve. The ballot box was manufactured especially with steel. The anti-Durbin men sought out the biggest and the strongest lock in town, locked it on the box and kept the key.

The mob left in the hall moved swiftly while the angry shouts of the Big Jack crowd sung out profanely from the saloon. In quiet, orderly fashion the anti-Durbin crowd proceeded to elect delegates. Each man named was favorable to the candidacy of Durbin's opponent. The politicians who had engineered the move smiled like the traditional cat which had eaten the canary.



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WHAT actually had happened was that the anti-Durbin men, knowing that the fight would be close because of the strong following Big Jack commanded in

the Sixth ward, had slyly suggested to Big Jack that it would be magnificent strategy to steal the ballot box. They had even conscientiously inferred that the box might be stuffed.

After the candidates had been certified, Big Jack stormed back into the Sixth ward gathering. He demanded with outraged feelings that a new vote be taken. He charged his opponents with all the political sins of Tammany hall. He fairly spluttered with righteous indignation. "They got us out of the hall so they could vote their own way," he roared.

The anti-Durbin leaders were very cool. They listened to Big Jack while he gave robust expression and politely nodded their heads. When Big Jack had finished his say, they asked calmly, "You stole the ballot box, didn't you?"

Big Jack said yes he had stolen the box, but it hadn't been worth while because he couldn't open the box.

"Then," said the triumphant anti-Durbin leaders, "your votes would be invalid because you stole the box."

## The Theatrical World

### Rae Samuels' Dancer Actually Is a Wonder

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

I ALWAYS have contended that Rae Samuels should head her own revue, and this season she has surrounded herself with a nearly all-girl revue under the title of "Cocktail Hour."

The term "nearly all girl" is appropriate, for Olyn Lindick appears as "Beulah"—a surprise by itself.

Just as Ted Lewis takes boys and trains them in song and dance, Miss Samuels has taken Miss Eleanor Whitney, one of the sweetest little girls the stage has had since Evelyn Terry was discovered years ago.

Eleanor is a wonderful tap dancer, plus the wonderful personality of gracious and talented youth. Miss Samuels cracks the nail on the nose when she tells her audience that some day they will be paying big money to see Eleanor dance. The girl actually is a wonder.

I do not know the name of the young lady who directs the girl orchestra, but she, too, is an individual dancer with both talent and striking personality.

The four acrobatic girls fit nicely into the revue. The Harmony Cords should stick to their instrumental music and not attempt to look like chorus girls, because they haven't the looks. They are good musicians.

Kitty Doner has been a splendid male impersonator for years. She has class, the looks, and dancing talent. She keeps the show moving when Miss Samuels is not on the stage.

Beulah gives her impression of a small town wife going shopping in town. It is burlesque and humorous, but gets over.

All of Miss Samuels' songs have a nifty kick to them. She has one song about a mama who does not want her papa to slow down. In another song, she panics the audience in wise smart lyrics about a daddy who went back to his wife after the stock crash.

Miss Samuels is typically Rae Samuels and she has not slowed down one bit. She is still "The Blue Streak of Vaudeville."

From a scenic standpoint, "Cocktail Hour" is in an excellent taste. All the girls are properly and tastefully dressed. Here is a heavy production and lives up to Miss Samuels' reputation of doing things right.

This woman is a stage institution and one of the very few who have weathered changing tastes in the theater and remains today a heavy box office attraction.

The movie fits into the nature of the program as the "Countess of Monte Carlo," with Fay Wray and Paul Lukas, appeals to women.

Now at the Lyric.

## A Good Hospital Story

WHEN "Men in White" opened months ago in New York City it was rated a hit and it's still playing to great business.

While the stage version is confined to New York, the movie version has been released and now is playing at Loew's Palace. Clark Gable is cast as Dr. Ferguson, a young doctor destined to do great things in the operating room, but who falls in love with a very rich and selfish girl, Laura, as played by Myrna Loy. Laura can't understand why Ferguson should give all his time

to his hospital duties. She makes the mistake of turning him down and he becomes sentimentally in-

terested in a lonesome nurse, played splendidly by Elizabeth Allan.

It remains for the very noble and splendid Dr. Hochberg, played magnificently by Jean Hersholt, to make Laura see the light.

His influences causes Laura to decide to be always around when her doctor has a few minutes to give her of his time.

This rather unusual story of hospital life has been carefully and capably transferred from the stage to the screen.

"Men in White" is a strong dose of drama and melodrama. There is going to be a lot of discussion about the movie. For myself, I'm strong for it.

## A Correction

SATURDAY'S Times erred in stating under the picture of the March Sisters that they were to appear that evening at the Chateau Lido. It should have read that they were appearing that night at the Showboat. Our information was in error and we regret the mistake.

## Favorite Gives Concert

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY, celestial list, has a favorite with members of the Maenncherchor, was heard again yesterday in recital in the Academy of Music.

In a program composed of works of various moods and character, Mr. Piatigorsky again revealed himself to be an accomplished artist, one in command of the resources of his instrument.

He uses this command, together with intelligent interpretation and sensitiveness of phrasing, to produce music that is generally beautiful and, at times, thrilling.

A feature of yesterday's recital

was the playing of Haydn's "Concerto in D Major" in memory of the late J. P. Frenzel, who was for many years a guiding spirit in the Maenncherchor organization. Mr. Piatigorsky, too, was a favorite of Mr. Frenzel, so that the combination of the artist and the composition made a fitting tribute.

Opening with "Sonata" by Henry Eccles, Mr. Piatigorsky displayed his talent for tonal beauty in the lyricism of the Largo movement.

This was followed by Bach's impressive "Suite in D Major," for cello alone, in which Mr. Piatigorsky deftly handled the intricacies of the Praeludium. Although at times his quality of tone was not all that might have been desired, he produced, in the double stop passages of the Sarabande and Praeludium movements, an exquisite tonality.

Following the Haydn "Concerto," he played "Sonata," "Etude," a Chopin "Nocturne," both arranged by the artist, "Serenade Espagnole" by Glazounoff, "Russian Dance" and "Dance of Terror" by DeFalla.

It would seem that Mr. Piatigorsky has a peculiar propensity for the gayety and brilliance and savagery of compositions such as the Glazounoff and DeFalla numbers. These, he performed with verve and gusto; he made them exciting.

Accompanying him on the piano was Ignace Strasfogel, Indianapolis pianist. He ably met the demands of the piano passages of the Haydn "Concerto."

BY OBSERVER.

## In City Theaters Today

"DAVID HARUM" with Will Rogers in the title role is in its fifth week at the Apollo. It is still going strong, even standing them up at some performances.

"The Lost Patrol" and "Sing and Like It" are on view at the Indiana. "Spitfire," with Katharine Hepburn is at the Circle. All three pictures have been reviewed in this department.

## SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



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"You're detectives, eh? Well, you can just stop trailing me around."

# Fair Enough

By

Westbrook Pegler

THE captains of industry and pillars of finance nowadays are much more casual about golf than they were in the time of the great American foolishness. This should be a good thing for industry and finance and not a bad thing for golf because some of the captains and pillars were a little childish about the game in the days of the great foolishness. They went in for apparel which would cause the blush of embarrassment to mantle the cheek of a village eccentric, including bright tassels on their stockings and picture writings from the tomb of King Tut on their sweaters, and made idols of a lot of loose-jointing experts who just knew how to hit a golf ball right.

They were very pathetic in their earnest striving to hit the golf ball as the young experts did, and often paid them large checks for lopping ten strokes off their scores. These were the familiar tales around the golf houses of professionals who had received \$5,000 or more for coaching rich citizens on a contract basis, and the private salaried instructor lived an easy life. It was his job to coach his wealthy dub until the subject's game reached the highest development which his physical qualities permitted and, after that, to keep an eye cocked on his pupil against the recurrence of old faults.

Lou Costello, an old hand at this golf evil, once had a two week's engagement at large salary to coach a customer who lived at Palm Beach. Mr. Costello's client had a personal full-time golf expert who followed him on all his travels, always on the cushions of course. But there occurred a sudden, mysterious fault in the great man's swing which did not yield to the private expert's treatment, so Mr. Costello was summoned as a consultant and moved to Palm Beach to attend the patient. He was in a serious condition, too. His irons were very bad and his woods looked hopeless.

## Improvements at Last

HOWEVER, Mr. Costello has his ethics and he went to work at once. His colleague, the private tutor, would stand by as their employer swung and the great specialist ogled his stroke with an expert eye. Then Mr. Costello wielded the great man to contract his neck slightly or turn his right hand under and the private instructor would make a memorandum in his little book.

In the evening they would meet and hold grave consultations on the patient's condition.

The victim began to show improvement at once and though he suffered two or three alarming relapses during the two weeks, at the end of that time he was pronounced cured. In one of these sudden turns for the worse, the rich man knocked two new balls into a muddy lagoon and, turning to the golf doctors, complained querulously, "What did you let me do that for? Those balls cost 75 cents apiece."

That was another curious phase of the golf obsession among the addicts. Tex Rickard said he would rather find a new ball in the rough, lost by some one else, than a \$20 bill on the street, and a man playing the Biltmore course at Miami walked into a water hazard up to his neck trying to recover a ball which already had been played for nine holes.

## Back to 100

MR. COSTELLO is unable to assure me that the rich citizens who paid various experts from \$1,000 to \$5,000 for reducing their scores from 100 to 90 or from 90 to 80, did not backslide later on. Usually the contract required that the pupil should shoot the stipulated score at least three times. But after that it was up to him and further case histories of such subjects probably would show that they presently fell into their old faults and became the dubs that nature and perhaps providence intended them to be.

Golf was a grim game to the successful business man in the goody era. He accumulated a great lot of expensive trash in his locker at the club and his catch-all closet at home, all of it purchased in simple hope, and abandoned in slow despair. He was almost willing to believe that even the cut of his bloomers could have some effect on his stroke. He persuaded himself that the golf course was a great place to talk business because golf was so humanizing and then went out and hammered his golf ball all over the place until the only moments when he found himself within hailing distance of the other man were when they teed off and again on the green.

And at those moments they were both too intent on golf to discuss anything else. After that there was the nineteenth hole, but they probably got tight there and sang "Sweet Adeline."

There was a type of golf pupil who might be described as a mental case. His trouble was in his mind, not in his stroke. For such as this Mr. Costello sometimes used psychology. He would hand the afflicted one a box of new balls and tell him these balls had been doped by a secret process and would fly straight and fifty yards farther. Sometimes it worked.

The golfers are wearing plain slacks and plain short socks now. Their shirts are just white and their sweaters of solid color and not pale blue, either. I do not believe our captains and pillars have given up golf, but they are not paying from \$1,000 to \$5,000 any more to have their scores reduced ten strokes.

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## Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

TODAY the United States is the world's largest paper manufacturing country. Since 1885 there have been issued to investors in this country the largest number of patents to paper making in the history of the world.

Invention of the paper making machine, the Fourdrinier, in Europe in 1803 brought to an end the centuries of paper making by hand. This invention and the invention of a machine for grinding wood to make pulp, put the paper making industry upon its modern path of development. Until that time most paper was made from cotton and linen rags. The source of supply would never have met the modern demand.

The manufacture of paper may be divided into two chief divisions. First, there is the treatment of the raw material. This includes cooking, washing, bleaching and reducing to pulp.

Second, there is the conversion of the prepared pulp or fibers into paper. This includes the operations of beating, sizing, coloring, forming the sheet or web, and surfacing.

It is fair today to consider the manufacture of paper as a chemical process, for chemical considerations enter into every step.

IN making paper from rags, the rags are boiled with lime and soda ash or caustic soda. This eliminates the textile fillers, sizings, grease, and impurities, leaving only the cellulose fibers.

Next the fibers are washed and screened and then bleached with the aid of another chemical, calcium hypochlorite. After this, the refining process must be carried on. In this, the fibers are beaten to reduce them to a uniform size, split their ends and soften their edges. They are also dyed, sized, and given special treatment, depending upon the type and grade of paper in which they are to be used. Various substances, including rosin, alum, starch, glue, clay, talc, calcium sulphate, calcium carbonate, and other substances are often added to the fibers during this process.

Sizing is one of the most important parts of this process. For the various technical materials, including glue and starch, known technically as "size," render the fibers resistant to ink.

MANY grades of paper contain fillers or loading materials. Among the substances employed for this purpose are china clay, talc, asbestos, calcium sulphate, and chalk.

Within recent years the class of papers known as coated or glazed have been developed. These were required to make possible the printing of half-tone reproductions. These papers have a smooth surface which is made by coating the paper with some mineral substance and an adhesive to hold it in place.

## 10,000 FAMILIES TO TILL RELIEF PLOTS

### Ground Broken on Butler's 80-Acre Tract.

More than ten thousand Indianapolis families, according to present plans, will be assisted in cultivating food relief gardens here this year, it was announced today by the Governor's commission on unemployment relief.

Ground is being broken today on the eighty-acre tract donated by Butler university. Gardens in Washington park, Mallott park and Twenty-first street and Sherman drive are being plowed.

Free seed may still be obtained by application to the garden office, 134 South Alabama street. More than four thousand families have asked for seed so far.

## ACCOUNTANTS TO MEET

Dinner Session to Be Held Here by State Association.

A dinner meeting for members and friends of the Indiana Association of Public Accountants will be held at 6 Wednesday at the Lincoln. Guests of the association will be John F. Forbes and John L. Carey, president and secretary, respectively, of the American Institute of Accountants.

## Building Contracts Show Gain

WASHINGTON, April 9.—Contracts for privately financed building in March were 52 per cent greater than in March, 1933, the F. W. Dodge Corporation reported to the public works administration today.

## M'CUULOCK TO SPEAK

City Life Underwriters to Hear State Insurance Leader.

Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch, vice-president and medical director of the State Life Insurance Company, will speak before members of the Indianapolis chapter of Chartered Life Underwriters at a luncheon Friday in the Columbus Club. His subject will be "The Professional Ideal in Life Underwriting."